

Brooklyn, July 1, 1837.

My dear Helen:

61

I have often thought that a man must feel queerly, who has had a leg amputated; but what is the subtraction of a leg, compared to the loss of his "better half"? If we twain are one, (as I have been imagining ever since S. J. May bound us together,) how is it that you are in Providence, and I am in Brooklyn, at the same instant? Why, the Siamese twins never deem a separation between themselves possible; and is the ligament that makes them indissoluble, of a firmer texture than that which holds husband and wife together? Ah! the solution of that is easy—our hearts are one, not our bodies, so that we can be in full communion with each other at a distance of thirty miles.

Then I have another bodily bereavement. Where is my sweet babe? I may listen in vain to hear his tiny footsteps—to catch the sound of his merry voice. Mother and child both gone! Well, I can spare you, for a short time at least, without being very unhappy. I have not shed a tear on your account, since your departure; and yet I am not naturally hard-hearted. I have not wrung my hands in mournful mood; and yet I love you, without a peradventure. Nevertheless, I have missed you so much as to feel somewhat lonely—and shall rejoice when we become united again.

If convenient, you must send me a few lines by the mail on Monday. We (i.e. myself and the rest of the household) have no uneasiness on account of your safety, and presume that your ride was completed at a reasonable hour. After all, the weather was not so good (or, rather, was not so pleasant, for it is always good, i.e. such as the most benevolent Being in the Universe is disposed to give,) as we supposed it would be when you left. It rained here slightly toward night, and probably gave you a sprinkling on the way.

I have risen this morning at 4 o'clock, to devote an hour to you. Yesterday was the warmest, and, on the whole, the most agreeable day I have experienced this season. The sun is rising splendidly this morning—a glorious incendiary; the birds are carolling forth their sweetest ^{notes, though} ~~and~~ some of them are busy

stealing the cherries in front of my window, and I do not believe that even the thieves in London are more expert in their business. Every thing is vocal with joy, and the universal exclamation seems to be - "How manifold are thy works, O Lord of hosts! In wisdom hast thou made them all. Let every thing that hath breath praise the name of the Lord!"

Last evening, Mr. and Mrs. Hilton, with their children, spent an hour with us. She reminded me of Sarah Gray, in her form and features, though she is somewhat taller. Her little boy George gave me a bag, containing forty-three cents, (a present both heavy and valuable,) to be used in emancipating little slave children. Her youngest babe is very sprightly, and has an uncommonly large head. If cousin William had been present, he would have decided upon its phrenological proportions, and made me wiser than I am now. En passant - Ask him to examine your cranium, my dear, and decide upon ^{your} character as a wife and mother.

Yesterday the mail arrived from Boston, bringing me neither letter nor newspaper. It is strange that among so many at head-quarters, not one is so thoughtful as to send me any intelligence, written or printed. My vanity begins to be alarmed: nobody seems to miss me, whereas I thought I was of some little consequence in Boston, if not in the world. But so it is, Helen: men, and without slander it may be affirmed that women too, are generally disposed to over-estimate their own importance - and it is proper, therefore, that they should be made to see and feel what pigmies they are in this tall universe.

Not only do I receive nothing from Boston by the mail, but friend Knapp still remembers to forget to send me ^a bundle. This afternoon, however, I confidently expect one by the Worcester stage. Should I be again disappointed, - I shall be very patient.

Yesterday I received another letter from Miss Pack at Coventry, in the name of the Kent County Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society, saying that they were somewhat disappointed in my not coming last Sabbath, and expressing the hope that I would visit them a week from to-morrow, (9th July,) if convenient - if not, at whatever time I may select. I shall propose the 30th inst.

There has nothing unusual transpired since you left; for Brooklyn is not able to compare with London in bustle and variety of incident, although it has higher hills, more grass, and finer trees. — The cows have been regularly milked, and turned into the pasture, — (they live, you know, on the Graham system.) The motherly hens have exercised a proper watchfulness over their tender brood, while the patriarch himself has stalked about majestically, sounding his shrill horn at earliest dawn of day. The pigs have slept in inglorious ease, or given an occasional squeal of discontent whenever their mother has refused to pamper them. The colt is full of his antics, and seems determined to confer so much credit on his dam as to make the old adage true beyond all cavil, that "the grey mare is the better horse" — though, in this instance, she happens to be of a dark color — but abolition colts care nothing about color.

Appropos — a word as to this hot weather. Mother and the girls think you had better relieve little George of some of his flannel, for now is the season to obtain emancipation. If the weather should alter materially, you can govern yourself accordingly.

"How do you come on with your Address?" Answer: I have begun it — and have left the exordium to write to you. — ~~It will~~ be a laborious job for me to finish the mechanical part of it.

I can hardly tell you, whether I shall take the Pomfret stage on Monday, or leave here on Tuesday morning in a carryall. I shall choose the latter mode of travelling, provided I can hire a horse, which is somewhat doubtful, as there is to be a special turn out for a ride in this village on the 4th. — Still, I shall hope to succeed. It is not probable that bro. George will be able to go down with me, and Sarah is somewhat apprehensive that it will be too fatiguing for her to go and come in so short a time, though she would like to visit P. We must calculate to return on Wednesday. Our beloved friend C. J. Chase we hope will ^{come} ~~return~~ with us.

You can tell the dear friends in Pleasant Valley, that my friendship for them is as green and ardent as the season; that I feel deeply indebted to them for their many kindnesses to me and mine; and that I anticipate my journey to P. with a great deal of pleasure, as it will enable me to see and talk with them face to face.

Cover the face of my darling boy with kisses, and tell him that father is coming.

All the household desire to freight this letter with affectionate remembrances to you and all the members of our friend C.'s family.

Most affectionately, yours, ever, Wm. Lloyd Garrison

Brooklyn St
July 1

Single. — Paid.
Paid 6

Mrs. Helen Eliza Garrison,

Providence,

R. I.